Hoſteſſe Maſter Phang,haue you entred the action?

Phang It is entred.

Hoſt. Wheres your yeoman?iſt a luſty yeoman?wil a ſtand too't?

Phang Sirra,wheres Snare?

Hoſt. O Lord I,good maſter Snare.

Snare Here,here.

Phang Snare,we muſt areſt ſir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Hoſt. Yea good maſter Snare,I haue entred him and all.

Snare It may chaunce coſt ſome of vs our liues, for he will ſtabbe.

Hoſt. Alas the day, take heed of him, he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, moſt beaſtly in good faith, a cares not what miſchiefe he does,if his weapon be out, he will foyne like any diuell,he will ſpare neither man,woman,nor child.

Phang If I can cloſe with him,I care not for his thruſt.

Hoſt. No nor I neither, Ie be at your elbow.

Phang And I but fiſt him once, and a come but within my view.

Hoſt. I am vndone by his going, I warrant you,hees an infinitiue thing vppon my ſcore,good maiſter Phang holde him ſure,good maſter Snare let him not ſcape, a comes continually to Pie corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and he is indited to dinner to the Lubbers head in Lumbert ſtreete to maſter Smooths the ſilk man,I pray you ſince my exion is entred, and my caſe ſo openly knowne to the worlde, let him be brought in to his anſwer,a hundred marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare, and I haue borne,and borne,and borne,and haue bin fubd off,and fubd off,and fubd off,from this day to that day,that it is a ſhame to be thought on,there is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnleſſe a woman ſhould be made an aſſe,and a beaſt,to beare euery knaues wrong: yonder he comes,and that arrant malmſie-noſe knaue Bardolfe with him, do your offices do your offices maſter Phāg,& maſter Snare, do me,do me,do me your offices.

Enter ſir Iohn,and Bardolfe,and the boy.

Falſt.

Falſt. How now,whoſe mare's dead?whats the

Phang I arreſt you at the ſute of miſtris,quickly.

Falſt. Away varlets,draw Bardolfe,cut me off t head,throw the queane in the channell.

Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee i nel,wilt thou,wilt thou,thou baſtardly rogue,murd a thou honiſuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods offic Kings?a thou honiſeed rogue,thou art a honiſeed,a ler,and a woman queller.

Falſt. Keepe them off Bardolfe.

Offic. A reskew,a reskew.

Hoſt. Good people bring a reskew or two, tho thou,thou wot,wot ta,do do thou rogue,do thou h

Boy Away you ſcullian, you rampallian, you ful tickle your cataſtrophe.

Enter Lord chiefe iuſtice and his men.

Lord What is the matter? keepe the peace here,

Hoſteſſe Good my lord be good to me,I beſeech to me.

Lord How now ſir Iohn,what are you brawlin Doth this become your place,your time,and buſin You ſhould haue bin well on your way to Yorke: Stand from him fellow,wherefore hang'ſt thou vp

Hoſt. O my moſt worſhipful Lord,and't pleaſe I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheape, and he is arr ſute.

Lord For what ſumme?

Hoſt. It is more then for ſome my Lord,it is for a hath eaten me out of houſe and home, he hath put ſtance into that fat belly of his, but I wil haue ſom gaine,or I wil ride thee a nights like the mare.

Falſt. I think I am as like to ride the mare if I hav tage of ground to get vp.

Lord How comes this ſir Iohn? what man of g would endure this tempeſt of exclamation, are yo med to inforce a poore widdow, to ſo rough a cou